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BOXING VS. PRIZE-FIGHTING.

"REPEAL the Horton law!" is a cry which has gone up. Under the circumstances which have caused it it is not strange that such a demand has arisen. The law has been abused. In place of boxing matches we have had slugging contests. In place of skill, wrath and brutality.

But the good intent of the law has never been doubted. Suppose, then, instead of shouting "Repeal!" the indignant forces of order were to cry "Enforce!" And, pending the test of enforcement's efficiency, to hold the possible wiping-out of the act as a legitimate weapon of decency's defense?

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Let us own the truth, that the fighting spirit is in the air. Events have combined to spread it there. We fought the Spaniards. We are fighting the Filipinos. Our eyes are on the combat which our British cousins are waging in South Africa.

We are talking of strength—the strength of nations and of men. We are discussing measures of offense and of defense. We are feeling the muscles of the world and of ourselves. We are restless, nervous, alert, full of energies which must, to a great extent, be pent up.

While we are in such a frame of being the ring attracts spectators of a kind generally foreign to its vicinity. Interest in the clash of two individual fighters is intensified by the reflex action of broader interests centred where armies meet.

That is one phase of the situation, but it is not all that is to be considered.

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Always in the human mind, up to its present stage of development, is the impulse to self-defense. It is the relic of very ancient animal instinct. It is a later reminder of times when fewer men than now dwelt together in peace, and every man's arm had to be ready to strike for himself and his own at an instant's notice.

To-day we may not so much fear attack. We are glad, nevertheless, to feel that we are ready to meet it. Preparation for self-defense is a great contributor to a sense of self-reliance, which every capable man should have.

To earn one's living and place in the world is a great privilege. To be able to take care of one's self in an industrial or social emergency is a great power. It is hardly less desirable that a man should have his strength so trained that it may be his dependence in an emergency of force.

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By gymnastics strength is developed. By such exercises as fencing and boxing strength is trained. With his eye and fists well taught, a man is able very often to hold at his advantage assailants of number and of far superior brute force. It is in such circumstances that "putting up the hands" becomes "the noble art of self-defense." And the sharp but good-natured practice, among well-disposed men of the science of boxing, is almost invariably an excellent thing for the tempers, minds and physiques of those engaged in it.

The Horton law got its supporting strength largely from the considerations just put in form. If it is to live reputably it must live by these ideas. If it is to die, it will be through the stabs of men who had every reason to sustain the law by obeying it.

To skilful boxing in legitimate clubs and schools there is no objection in healthy minds.

To brutal slugging and battering and bloodshedding, in which science and good temper give way to the basest passion for punishment, there is the objection which civilization must always oppose to whatever serves to hinder its onward march.

The early strawberry begins to cast a green eye on the Trust king's millions.

Mr. Payn must be made to understand that party expediency is not the State's best insurance policy.

Though the Pacific continues to wash the shores of the Philippines, nothing seems likely to wash our hands of them.

Under-trolley and over-speed are fellow-features of the new power system on the Third Avenue Company's street-car lines.

Apropos of the effort to make Fifth avenue a show place, it may be said that the truckmen and delivery boys even now make it a sight.

That mighty hush which is noticed against the city's crash and clash is the present-day manifestation of the Dewey Naval Arch agitation.

"I must obey!" said Wauchope in South Africa. So must the Boer, eventually. And civilization will give the order. But British blood, madly shed, has not yet seemed to hasten the Boer's day of obedience.

A PARTY FOR LEFT HANDS ONLY.

A new and gay little suggestion for a party. It is called a Left-Hand Party, and the invitations must give no hint of the ceremonies to be observed during the evening.

As each guest arrives he is welcomed at the door by the hostess, who offers her left hand. He is then led away by a committee and his right arm bound up in a sling.

When all guests have been disabled in this way the hostess arranges various contests to be waged with the left hand only.

For example, a writing contest, which is sure to bring forth some laughable specimens of chirography. Arrange for a number of these contests. Provide a few simple prizes, and your evening cannot fail to be a thorough success.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

She received a birthday present,
Which her friends said was nice;
But she was awfully disappointed—
She couldn't learn the price.

THE HIGHEST PRAISE.

"Did Rev. Mr. Choker give you a good sermon, Mrs. Jones?"
"[illegible]; it ought to be dramatized."

[illegible]

SKIRT DANCING AND SONGS BY BRITISH BEAUTIES.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET'S "MASQUE OF PEACE AND WAR."

LADY CASTLEREAGH. MURIEL WILSON. MRS. ARTHUR PAGET. LADY HARTOPP. LADY ANGLESEY.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Mrs. Arthur Paget's "Masque of Peace and War," to be performed at the Prince of Wales's Theatre for the benefit of the war fund, is the most-talked-of topic in London.

The Queen has given her consent to skirt dancing by British beauties and drawing-room songs by ladies of the highest rank. The Queen has taken twelve stalls at $55 each for the performance. Every box has been sold at $500 apiece. The seats in the gallery cost $5 and the programmer also sell at $5 each. Every woman of beauty and fame in London is engaged in making the affair a success.

Ladies Hamilton, Hartopp, Castlereagh and Tullibardine are to sell programmes. Princess Louise has had charge of the pictures and has arranged for a Venetian scene with three beauties having natural Titian hair—Ladies Anglesey, Stolswold and Edmondstone. The picture will represent a company of ladies and Venetian cavaliers half reclining around a banqueting table, with leashed dogs. On this table will be displayed some magnificent old Italian plate loaned by the Duke of Portland.

In the "Masque of Peace and War" Miss Muriel Wilson, whom New Yorkers saw last Fall, will have a leading part representing War and afterward Peace. There will be several songs and dances, and both Miss Wilson and Mrs. Hwfa Williams will do skirt dancing. Miss Sheelah West, future Duchess of Westminster, and Mrs. Tony Drexel, of Philadelphia, will take part.

It is the greatest social event of the year. The Princess of Wales and all the members of the royal set are bending every energy to make it a great success. It is the only rift in the war cloud. And the good to come from it is that the money that will be raised will go toward relieving the condition of the sick and wounded in the Transvaal.

THE GREATEST MAN IN RUSSIA.

BY HENRY VARIAN.

TWO men rule Russia. One is the Czar, the other is M. de Witte. But as the latter holds the purse strings of the Empire, there is really only one man who rules in Russia—the omnipresent, all-pervading De Witte.

It is to-day in the great white Czar's domain as it was in France in the days of Richelieu. Only instead of "the Cardinal's order" it is "the Minister of Finance orders it," or "Count de Witte says so." For he is a Count now who started in the ranks and rose in a country of autocrats and aristocrats to the highest honors in the land.

Sergius Witte was born of the people. He is of German origin and saw the light first in 1849. When he left the University of Odessa he had made no record and was glad to take a minor place on the State railways. But Witte was no mere machine. He was a thinker, and he thought for others as well as himself.

He rapidly built up a reputation as an organizer, and was promoted until he became stationmaster in a way depot, which he made a model for the district. It was here his good star shone brightly. Out of an act of disobedience he made his mark.

War had broken out with Turkey. Thousands of troops were being hurried to Bulgaria. Strict orders to stationmasters had been issued by the Minister of War. Obedience to these orders meant destruction to a large body of troops. Witte disobeyed the orders but saved the troops. Siberia loomed up ahead of the daring man, but the facts leaked out and the Czar made him a director of the Imperial Railways. He soon became Minister of Railways and reformed the system.

He was accused by jealous officials of stealing public moneys. An inquiry made him stronger than ever, and when M. Wyschnegradski broke down he was appointed Minister of Finance. Then began his life-work. He found Russian credit a by-word. He made it strong. He found the department a chaos; he made it as orderly as a bank. He outwitted the Berlin speculators in Russian paper, forced economy on every department of the Government and became the most cordially hated man in Russia. His reform of 1893, now slowly working out, has put gold in the Treasury and enabled the Czar to borrow in the capitals of the world.

He added to his power by marrying a beautiful and brilliant woman, who wields tremendous social influence through her salons. In fact, every one who is any one attends the Countess de Witte's receptions.

As an example of M. de Witte's influence, it is related that Muravieff, the terrible exponent of Muscovite world power, at a critical period wished to declare war upon England. He laid his plans before the Czar. Alexander listened attentively. Then he said: "Go and see M. de Witte. If he says war, war it shall be."

There was no war.

PEANUT SANDWICHES THE VOGUE.

PEANUTS, which not so long ago were tabooed articles of diet at polite functions, now occupy a well-deserved rank in the household. Salted like almonds they are liked better by many people than the favored nut. Peanut sandwiches for luncheons or the salad course at dinner can be made in a variety of ways of either brown or white bread.

The thin slices of buttered bread may be spread with cream cheese, with grated American or Swiss cheese, or with a mayonnaise dressing and sprinkled with the powdered nuts. Excellent sandwiches are also made by sprinkling the finely chopped nuts or spreading the peanut butter, which is to be had in the grocery stores, on buttered slices of bread.

Pecan nuts and walnuts with grated cheese make palatable sandwiches. Nut wafers may be made by creaming a tablespoonful of butter with one-half cupful of sugar and mixing them with a cupful of chopped almonds, pecans, walnuts or peanuts, two eggs, one tablespoonful of milk and a saltspoonful of salt. The yolks and whites of the eggs should be beaten separately and the latter should not be added until the mixture has been thickened with enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll the paste thin and cut it into circles or strips and bake in a moderate oven. Peanuts are especially good in these wafers.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Tom Goode—I dropped a $10 gold piece on the contribution plate last Sunday.

Jack Potts—What was the matter with it?

INTERVIEWS with PEOPLE I have NEVER MET.

VIII.—TERENCE M'GOVERN.

NEVER having met a real fighting man—with the one exception of William McKinley—it was with much trepidation that I sent in my card to Terence McGovern, the latest pugilistic champion and successor as the nation's idol to George Dewey.

My questions had been carefully typewritten lest, in a moment of enthusiasm, I might put to the small gladiator a query which would win for me a "left-hand jab in the ribs" or a "straight swing to the point of the jaw."

Only that morning a four-column article in a newspaper had described the new champion as "a perfect little gentleman who never chews, drinks nor swears."

This statement did not altogether reassure me. A friend of mine once interviewed a Prohibitionist candidate for public office in Kansas, and for making an offensive remark was hit over the head with a gallon demijohn. Had the demijohn not been broken by the contact, and had not the liquor flowed in between his parted lips and revived him, he would never have reported next day to the city editor.

Therefore I followed the butler into Lieut. McGovern's presence with some hesitation. He received me cordially. Tossing aside a rare bit of Sevres ware which he had been regarding intently and remarking to his valet:

"Jenkins, remove the day-bris," he advanced and said:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Please, Capt. McGovern," I answered, "I want to ask you a few—a very few—questions, and if I give offense it will be from ignorance and not from the heart."

"Go on," he answered, smilingly. Seating himself gracefully on a rich Turkish divan he picked up a tired cockroach and gently stroked it on the back until its soft purrings made pleasant music in his great audience chamber.

"Then tell me, Major," I ventured, "how you happened to embrace pugilism as a profession?"

"Ah," he made answer, "that brings me back to my childhood. My mother was unwittingly responsible for my conspicuous success in life. Shall I tell you the story?"

"If you will be so kind, Colonel," I said.

"Well," he went on dreamily, "once when I was a lad attending the parish school in Brooklyn, I came home early and knocked on my mother's door."

"'Who is there?' she called.

"'It's me, mommer,' I responded.

"'Don't say that, Terry,' she shouted over the transome, 'say "Hit his eye."'

"Those words of my good mother clung to me ever after, and—well, with the exception of an occasional punch in the direction of the bread-basket, I have always followed her advice. In all my ring encounters that has been my motto, 'Hit his eye.'"

"A beggar to see you, sir," announced the butler.

"Tell him I am busy," said Gen. McGovern. "But stay, fellow! Ere you dismiss him hand him this paltry sum," and reaching into his Russian blouse he extracted twenty bank notes of $10,000 each, and threw them on the floor.

When the vassal had departed I said:

"Admiral McGovern, may I ask how you happened to defeat George Dixon so easily?"

"I was inspired solely by a desire to rehabilitate the Caucasian race," he answered slowly. "For some years the Ethiopeans have been doing the major portion of our hard work. It is well known our negro regiments have had all the fighting to do on the alkali plains of the West; no one can gainsay but that these colored regulars bore the White Man's Burden up San Juan Hill, and Dixon had been struggling under a load of championship for a decade. It was time a pale-face stepped in and relieved him."

"Quite so, Mr. Secretary," I said. "And what do you think of the legislative efforts to repeal the Horton Boxing law?"

"Without wishing to be quoted," he replied, "I think it is largely a case of 'hold-up' by Republican statesmen, who have not as yet had any financial interests in the athletic clubs. If a few of Mr. Platt's friends become stockholders in these clubs I dare say the law will not be repealed. But you will pardon me now, as I am compelled to leave for Albany on the 7.20 to teach Gov. Roosevelt how to use his left. Dobson"—turning to his footman—"be good enough to order the brougham for the gentleman."

WILLIAM RAYMOND SILL.

"IT'S ME MOMMER."

WOMAN'S EYES

And a Man's Memory of Old Folly.

IT was a busy day in the police court. The Magistrate was in a bad humor. Drunks, disorderlies, dissolute women crowded the long line that reached from the "bridge" to the prisoners' pen in a human chain of misery and vice.

Case after case was disposed of and heavy was the hand of the law.

In the line were young girls with painted cheeks, tottering beggars, a frightened Italian, young ruffians with turned up collars and grimy fists.

"Thirty days," gritted the Magistrate savagely to the man who had beaten his wife. "You ought to get thirty years. Next!"

The swaggering shoulders and the mean little eyes disappeared.

A woman stood in the ruffian's place. A dapper young officer explained her offense. The Magistrate, busy with some papers on his desk, yet listening to the recital with trained attention, did not raise his eyes.

"Mary Smith, thirty years old, no regular home, Your Honor," said the officer. "We've been trying to get rid of her for a long time as a common nuisance. She stops citizens on the street at all hours of the day and night, has been warned repeatedly and arrested a dozen different times, drunk"—

"Watchagotosay?" said the Magistrate.

He looked up. So did the woman.

Then something strange happened. There was a moment of interest so tense at the bar that it trickled out among the spectators and the prisoners and the policemen and made them keep quiet without knowing why.

The murmur of whispered conversation ceased. Shuffling feet were petrified. The room was still as death.

"NOTHING!"

All eyes were turned on the Magistrate and the woman at the bar.

She stood, pale, thin, drooping. She was not old, but on her face was the seal of age. The tawdry gayety of the hat she wore but added to the pathos.

They stood face to face—the victim and the judge. For two brief seconds, or it may have been twenty, her eyes filled him.

Those eyes—the Magistrate remembered them. He had not seen them for many years. He thought he had forgotten them, as he had the rest of his boyish folly. He was sowing the wild oats then.

And the girl—ah, well! forgotten, too.

The Magistrate repeated the question. His voice was clinging to his throat. Every one in the room, he thought, must notice it, know all, denounce him. There was a sickening fear at his heart.

But again the head of the witness was bowed. The room was buzzing and shuffling again, unconscious now that anything unusual had happened.

"What have you got to say?"

The prisoner's head drooped until the tawdry hat hid her face. The gay roses that surmounted it were trembling.

"Come," roared the policeman, "don't yer hear His Honor? Wot yer got to say?"

The prisoner straightened up with sudden pride. Regally she raised her head. For a moment she was more than queen—a woman.

"Nothing."

But the Magistrate was a man. He fined her $10.

PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN.

"WHY I HAVE FAILED."

Tell It in 300 Words and Get a Prize from The Evening World.

SUCCESSFUL men often write about themselves and tell others how to succeed in life, but the real cause of their success is not known to many of the most successful men.

If some of the men and women who think they have failed in life will tell frankly what were the reasons for their failure, their letters might do an immense amount of good to others.

The Evening World, therefore, offers four prizes for the most interesting, intelligent letters on:

"WHY I HAVE FAILED."

First prize—A gold eagle, $10. Second, third and fourth prizes, $5 each.

The letters should be short—not over 300 words—and frank. Should tell actual human experiences and should be accompanied by the real names of the writers—though the names will not be printed in The Evening World.

The Evening World will try to make these "Autobiographies of Failure" useful to the writers and readers.

As for the prizes, they will turn failure into profit.

Address all letters, Failure Competition, Evening World, P. O. Box 1,354.

THE LOADING OF THE TRUNCHEON.

(From Ally Sloper.)

1. Inspector—Wotter ye borin' that truncheon for? P. C. 99—It's a light wan, sorr; I likes 'em loaded.

2. Voice from side door—Hi, constable! If yer wants a drop o' somethin' short, jist look slippy.

3. "There y'are, she's loaded with a pint o' the best."

4. P. C. 99—Good luck to everybody. After all a pleeceman's life ain't sich a unfortunate one.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

Little Wifey—So you have come back to me, never to part again.

Good [illegible] with a farthing; and then we [illegible]

"THAT HORRID SPOT."

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

AT some time in her life every woman is afflicted by what we are pleased to term, in a general way, "a horrid spot on the skin." For with us any blemish, great or small, is "horrid."

If you want to look particularly well for any one or several important functions keep away from extremes of temperature, and particularly avoid going out into intense cold for several hours at least, and better still several days before you appear in your prettiest and perhaps most trying toilet for the ball or the dinner of the season.

The radiating heat of a fiercely burning fire in a great furnace;

The heat of the sun;

The cold of the polar regions;

All give men and women exposed to one or another of them the same brown or tanned skin.

There are two rational modes of destroying, or rather ameliorating, this condition.

The first is to deprive the skin for several days of the action of light and to keep the subject during the same period from extremes of heat or cold, while the face is saturated with moisture by keeping it constantly covered with an emollient poultice, which must be renewed as soon as it begins to get dry.

The second plan, far less inconvenient, is the application of a paste which forms a sort of mask and which is to be worn for [illegible] hours at a stretch. [illegible] in my opinion, detrimental to the skin, because it sweats the face, causing the poisonous secretions to be thrown out and reabsorbed, when they are apt to do great mischief.

The mask I refer to is a paste really intended for one application only, and is the same that was used by the patrician ladies of Rome.

This same paste is even now used in Turkey and in Venice, where the beauties of the harem and the belles of the city of the sea spend many hours of each day in the mysteries of the toilet. To make this paste take—

Barley flour, five ounces; white honey, one ounce; white of egg, one-eighth ounce.

Beat the whole together so as to form a paste about the consistency of honey. Add a little orange flower water.

Wash the face thoroughly and apply the paste evenly all over the face.

Let it remain until it is quite dry. Then remove it by the aid of warm water and repeat the operation.

The linseed and rye meal paste is made of the two meals mixed with enough water to form a soft, mucilaginous paste.

The oil of the linseed meal will keep this paste soft for a long time.

This complexion treatment will take away all [illegible]

NOT BAD, EH?

"My wife is having a bazaar this week."
"I know; she asked me to send her a lot of things [illegible]

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Weighed a Pound and a Half.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

A baby was born in our family on Nov. 11. Its weight was one pound and a half. It is two months old now and it weighs 5 pounds 7 ounces. Its length is 19 inches. The doctor says it was the smallest baby he ever saw. I have read so much about the smallest babies I thought I would let The Evening World know about ours.

MRS. L. FRANK,
40 West Forty-sixth street.

Would Improve Eyes.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

How could I improve my eyes, readers? I want to make them large and bright. I am continually in the open air, sleep from eight to ten hours each night and read from three to four hours a night by gaslight and smoke about three cigars a day. J. H. L.

Prophecy or Coincidence?

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Is not the following an appropriate Bible verse for the preachers who advocate a war of conquest? "And when you spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you. Yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood." (Isaiah, i., 15.)

JOHN K. BLANCHARD.

A NURSERY PUZZLER.

"Your little girl looks healthy, Mrs. Jones."
[illegible]